

The Comicall Historie of

With bleared vilages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit : Go Hercules,
Live thou, I live with much, much more dismay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the Caskets,
to himselfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nourished? *Replie, replie.*
It is ingendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the Cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring Fancies knell,
He begin it.

Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves,
The world is still deceav'd with ornament:
In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voyce,
Obscures the show of evill. In religion,
What damned error but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossnesse with faire ornament:
There is no voyce so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
Who inward searcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And these assume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambals with the wind

Upon

the Merchant of Venice.

Upon supposed fairenesse, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea : the beauteous scarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
Tween man and man : but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
Thy palenesse moves me more then eloquence,
And heere chuse I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire :
And shyddring feare, and green-eyed jealousy.
O love be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure reine thy joy, scant this excesse;
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For feare I surfeit.

Bass. What find I heere?
Fairst Portias counterfeit. What demy God
Hath come so neere creation? move these eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such swaet friends; heere in her haire
The Painter playes the Spyder, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in Cobwebs; but her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one,
He thinks it should have power to steale both his,
And leave it selfe unfurnisht: Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behind the substance. Heres the scrowle,
The continent and summarie of my fortune.

Xen